

## HOBOKEN HAS A BIRTHDAY.

MOST INSPIRING EVENT SINCE THE AMERICA SAILED AWAY.

Michael Children Announce the Origin of the Name and of the City's Pentecost for Her—0.000 Men Parade the Illuminated Streets—Banquets Last Night.

That weather of yesterday wasn't meant for New York, you know. It was built especially for Hoboken, which was just fifty years old and was celebrating its golden anniversary with all of the pomp of which Hoboken is notably capable.

It was the most inspiring Hoboken day since the America sailed from the village to win the new historic cup, and the most exciting day since the dock fire. Mayor Lankering had proclaimed it a civic holiday and had brought all business places to a standstill. It went without saying that he did not mean those places whose stock is necessary to observe a Hoboken festival. What would Hoboken be without such.

The whole city was splashed with flags and bunting, with great "Welcome" banners put where they would do the most good. Hudson street was ablaze with color. From the hallways of the German and Dutch liners, lying at the great piers, thousands of queer flags fluttered in honor of America's second greatest immigration port. The immigrants themselves, pouring into the city through the park, thought the flags were up for them, and beamed gratefully.

The school children began the day with celebrations in each school. They debated whether manufacture was more important to Hoboken than commerce, recited original poems about the city, Kipling having overlooked it; detailed facts about Hoboken in concert, read an essay on "Child Life in Hoboken Fifty Years Ago," by an old inhabitant, told "How Rover Saved Kitty," recited "Mr. Brown has his Hair Cut," and sang "The Star Spangled Banner" unperformed.

In each school there was a prize for the child writing the best history of the city. These essays proved very minute, telling the exact date, the distance from Union Hill. John Zimmerman of School 3 produced a new theory as to the origin of the city's name:

"Some say," wrote John, "that there was an Indian who had a horse named Boken who attempted to run away one day, causing him to say 'Ho, Boken,' so thereafter the village was called Hoboken."

Johnny Stover of School 5 dug up something of even greater historical value, thus: "In 1643 the trading post was burned, but the Indians were not touched, because the Indians were very fond of the beer that was made there. Ever since that day beer has been the favorite beverage with Hoboken people."

Nellie Van der Spiek, who won the prize at School 7, says that in 1653 when the city charter was granted, Hoboken was little more than a picnic ground for the people of New York, having a population of only 1000.

Hoboken, the sixty-third city of the United States, has nearly 20,000 inhabitants now, and it seemed as though they all turned out to greet the city's birthday. It would have astonished the first John Jacob Astor, who used to board on the Hoboken water front, and who was said to have jumped when he met her on the village green. Astor and his friend Washington Irving used to drive about the place giving silver pieces to new babies.

The parade formed at 7:30 P. M. and marched through all the principal streets. Nine thousand men were in line. Edwin A. Stevens, grand marshal, Col. John Stevens, grand marshal, and behind him came a police escort of fifty. The Fourth Regiment of the New Jersey National Guard, the Naval Reserve Band, the seventy-five Spanish War Veterans, the Mayor and other city officials, members of the Board of Trade, the Stevens Cadets and the City Guards, the exempt firemen, the fire department of the city, and the vamps from the suburbs. The latter carried banners, and were in a shooting society and other band, boat clubs, drum corps, 600 Eels, 425 Odd Fellows, 500 Eagles, 200 Red Men, 100 Hibernians, 200 Foresters, the members of every church and singing society in the city—and there are scores of them, employees of the steamship lines, men from the local factories, with big floats typifying the city's industries, decorated automobiles, glorified coal wagons, gaily caparisoned ice wagons, and then—

Then came the politicians. Who should be in front but Bob Davis and his stalwart band of Democrats from Jersey City, they who invaded Elysian last fall and carried off five of the handsomest animals from the Parker cattery? After them trudged the Young Men's Democratic Club, the ward clubs of both parties, the Henry Horstman Association, the Tammany Club (the Tiger has crossed the Hudson), the Jersey City Hackenberg, the Violette, the Padavens, the Original Asphalt Club, the Hand Hand Association, the Felton Association, the Park Avenue Spinet, the United City Verein and the many cohorts of C. H. Felton, W. J. Hermann, James Clarke and Lawrence Marzani. The parade was a farrowed sermon, and Mr. Ward, his successor, was to have assisted him, but when they had donned their robes Mr. Ridout turned and asked:

Brother, what part of the service do you desire to take?

Ward's reply was to spring upon him and hurl him against the wall, crying "You shall conduct none of the service." Then he entered the pulpit and ran things, Ridout quietly withdrawing.

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## SALVATION ARMY JUBILEE.

Pictureque Array of Workers Marched by Miss Booth in a Scarlet Uniform.

The meeting held by the Salvation Army at Carnegie Lyceum, last night, in honor of its twenty-fifth anniversary, could hardly be excelled for picturesqueness. Every age from the infant in arms to the fringed and grizzled broncho buster, took part in entertaining the audience, mostly of women, that filled the hall.

Miss Eva Booth, dressed in a startling red gown with a white cross on her breast and white sash hung over her right shoulder and tied at her left hip, presided. Among the workers the first introduced was "Bronco Charlie," until lately a star rider of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, who carried the crowd at first sight and got three rousing cheers.

To show how the Salvation Army embraces every age, different bands of workers appeared on the stage, to illustrate their particular niche in the work. A dozen of chubby babies still in long skirts were paraded about the platform and drew forth hearty applause from the women in the audience, while the band of love, a group of children somewhat older, played the audience when they came in bearing all kinds of pet animals from a dove to a dog and from a rabbit to a lamb.

Probably the event that attracted the most attention was the marriage by Miss Booth of Ensign Robert Kingston to Ensign Charlotte Elworthy. The new Army couple was used and the two were married under crossed English and American flags, with six little flower girls in front. After the knot was tied Ensign Kingston kissed his bride on the platform, and the audience howled approval while the bride blushed as scarlet as her army uniform.

A collection was taken for the purpose of erecting a building for slum work on Cherry street. Over \$10,000 was raised. Of that sum \$1,000 was given by Warner Van Norden while one or two other gifts of \$1,000 each were given by Salvation Army departments in other States. Mrs. E. M. Wittenman gave \$100, Justice McLane \$100, George T. Platt \$100, W. P. Kline \$250, and the Stephen Merritt Burial Company \$100.

## WEDDED THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

Gypsy Blacksmith Says He Was Forced for This Part \$6000.

PATERSON, N. J., March 28.—Alexander Blacksmith, 30 years old, left here to-day to go to Trenton for a warrant for the arrest of William Macarzeny, chief of the tribe of which Blacksmith was until recently a member. The tribe is present at West Park, a mile west of Paterson. Blacksmith wants the chief arrested because he was forcibly compelled, he says, to pay \$600 when he married the chief's daughter at Trenton a few days ago.

Blacksmith says it is against the laws of the camp for an ordinary member of the tribe to fall in love with any of the chief's household. When it was learned that he loved Martha, chief's daughter, he was told that he would have to pay \$1,000 before he could wed her. He says he was thrown into a tent and kept there for a week.

Blacksmith says he was forced to marry the chief's daughter at Trenton a few days ago. He then gave the chief \$600, all the money he had in the world.

The enraged chief refused to recover the money. Upon the lawyer's advice Blacksmith appeared this morning before Justice of the Peace and was granted a warrant for the chief's arrest, but as the alleged crime occurred in another county Justice refused to accept the charge.

## THREW BURNING LAMP AT GIRL.

Old Negress Rolls Her in Bed and Perhaps Saves Her Life—Man Gets Away.

A negro woman the police haven't found threw a lighted lamp at Sarah, white young negress, in her room on the fourth floor of the tenement house at 141 West Thirty-second street last night. With her clothes ablaze she fell on the bed and it was a miracle she was not killed.

The woman got up and ran down stairs screaming for help and trying to get into the street. She was helped by a man who until she reached the first floor, where old Hannah Coe took her in and rolled her on a bed. This saved Sarah, but set the bed on fire.

## ONE PASTOR SHOTS ANOTHER.

Violently Attacks His Predecessor at Sunday Evening Service.

RICHMOND, Va., March 28.—In a sudden rage the Rev. David Funston Ward attacked the Rev. Frank A. Ridout in Ritchie Memorial Episcopal Church at Clarendon on Sunday evening, throwing the latter violently against the wall and endeavoring to allow him to participate in conducting the service.

Mr. Ridout had just covered his connection with the church by assuming a charge at Pineville. It was his purpose to preach a farewell sermon, and Mr. Ward, his successor, was to have assisted him, but when they had donned their robes Mr. Ridout turned and asked:

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## MERRY VILLAGER IN A TRUNK.

EXCITED M'ISU BOOSTED HER IN UPSIDE DOWN.

"Damn," said M'isus for emphasis when she would insist on packing up while he was entertaining friends in their room—Caplain M'isus.

Edna Merrill, one of the merry villagers in a Broadway musical piece, told Magistrate Moss just the West Side police court yesterday the story of how M'isus Frossard, her former boarding house keeper, tipped her heels up, pushed her into a trunk and tried to jam a tray on top of her. The story was told without the aid of a press agent, but with the kind assistance of her rescuers, who appeared to show how mean M'isus Frossard had been.

Frossard appeared in response to a summons. He runs a boarding house at 257 West Fifty-fifth street, and Edna and Josephine Arden, another chorus girl, lived there in the back parlor until last Sunday. They had decided to leave the first thing on Monday morning, and went out for a walk on Sunday afternoon before starting in to do their packing.

"They returned with a friend, Mrs. Jennie Elworthy of 166 East Sixtieth street, and found that Frossard was entertaining friends in their room. Their trunks and bags and things had been brushed into closets.

"Please leave," said Edna. "We want to pack our things."

"Madennoiselle it is who should leave," replied Monsieur Frossard. "She will not to pack to trunk to-day. Damn!"

The damn wasn't meant to be profane. Frossard hadn't a very good grip on his English language and he merely used that word to add emphasis.

Edna threw him a kiss and with her friends, pulled her trunk out of the closet and began to pack.

"I'm putting in my—" Edna started to tell the Magistrate.

"Edna, don't tell that here," broke in Miss Arden.

"Well," resumed Miss Merrill, "I was putting my things into my trunk when this moose came behind me. He was excited and gave me a real rude boost, and over I go into the trunk with my heels in the air, and I'm sure it wasn't at all pleasant."

Here Edna blushed and Josephine blushed in. "If he'd only sat her in right it wouldn't have been so bad. Give him the limit, Judge; he deserves—"

The Court cut her off and Miss Merrill resumed the center of the bridge.

"When I fell into the trunk I was awfully scared and his little mustache stuck straight out and he kept saying 'Push her down, and my friends screamed, but he pushed my feet down with a tray and then he tried to kiss the lid over me. Damn!"

And she slammed down the lid and was going to sit on it, broke in Miss Arden. "I don't know what I did, but I started up like Mrs. Elworthy ran out and got a policeman. He—I mean Frossard—had shoved me away and had the lid half down on me. The policeman came in and found me in a faint and we had to borrow a taxi to revive her."

Edna said she was hurt when M'isus Frossard forced her into the trunk, but she didn't think much of it at the time. She was too busy getting packed up and she didn't have time to think of anything but her side was painful here, so she got the summons for Frossard.

He is a big Frenchman with English monophony accent, and on his face and an excitable nature within. His lawyer wouldn't let him say anything in court regarding the denial, and he was in French, accompanied by many friends.

The Magistrate ordered Edna to make out a charge of assault and then set the case down for further hearing on Thursday. Frossard was paroled in the custody of his counsel.

## PITTY OF FIRE: GIRLS IN FACTORY.

Several Hurt in Jam on Stairway of Factory—One Cool Woman Put Out Blaze.

A blazing newspaper on the floor of the sixth story of the building at 48 and 50 Walker street, occupied by Max Roth & Co., manufacturers of ladies' shirt waists, caused a panic early yesterday morning among the 250 girls employed in the building. Several of them were hurt in their efforts to get out. The little blaze did no damage.

The newspaper came in contact with a gas jet and blazed up. One of the women promptly yelled "Fire!" Then the panic came. The girls all tried to go down the narrow stairway at the same time. They were joined by the women on the floor below, who didn't know the cause of the excitement, but didn't want to stay in the building while others were running out.

There were about fifty men in the building, too, but they could do nothing to quiet the frightened women.

Policeman Wm. Fuchs of the Leonard street station was near the building when he heard the cries of fire. He sent in an alarm and hurried to the doorway, which had become jammed with the frightened women. When he heard the screams and saw the crush he decided that many must certainly be hurt and sent in calls for ambulances. The Edna brought four ambulances from the Hudson street and St. Vincent's hospitals and the reserves from the police station.

Fuchs butted into the mass of struggling women on the first flight of stairs but could do little to quiet them. He lost his helmet and had his clothes torn. When the reserves came they straightened things out.

Then the injured were picked out. Ida Harmon, scratched, bleeding and hysterical, and Mary Winters, with contusions of the left thigh, were taken to the Hudson street hospital. Rosie Romsanto, 17 years old, of 162 West 10th street, Brooklyn, and Moselle, 19 years old, of 28 Monroe street, Brooklyn, were taken to the hospital.

Becky Smolowsky, 18 years old, of 136 East 103rd street, and Fannie House, 18 years old, of 100 Livingston street, and Joseph Cleoro were all attended by the ambulance surgeons and sent home. Cleoro got his injuries, a lacerated shin, by running into a sewing machine.

The police said later that if the young women had only paid heed to Mrs. Maggie Deltoro of 160 Ramon avenue, Brooklyn, there would have been no panic. She saw, when the cry of fire was raised, that only a newspaper was on fire. She got a patent fire extinguisher and saw to it that the flames didn't spread. All the time she kept calling to the frightened women that there was no danger.

Women Held on Arson Charge.

Mrs. Sadie Meyerhoffer and Bessie Ambrose were held in \$5,000 bail in the West Side court yesterday on the charge of setting fire to the house on West Forty-fifth street in which they lived. Fire Marshal De Malignon yesterday testified that two separate fires had been started in different rooms on the third floor, that the doors were all open on that floor, and that the beds, floor, and furniture were saturated with kerosene.

The defendants' lawyer put in no defense. He said he would prove an alibi when the case came to trial.

The Lawyers' Club.

Articles of Incorporation of the Lawyers' Club, which have been approved by Supreme Court Justice Dickey in Brooklyn, were filed in the County Clerk's office in Kings county yesterday. The directors have been elected for the first year: Howard McWilliams, Morris M. Ely, George E. Brower, John A. Thompson, Henry A. Ingraham, Seymour K. Fuller, and Henry A. Davison. The officers are: Howard McWilliams, president; Morris M. Ely, vice-president; Henry A. Ingraham, secretary, and George E. Brower, treasurer.

## Vantine's The Unusual Store.

Announce the arrival of seventeen new shades in.

Colored Crepe Shantung. Hand woven in China and

guaranteed to insure excellent service. We invite an inspection of these goods, and the first choice of colors.

33 inches wide, \$1.50 a yard.

A. A. Vantine &amp; Co.,

Broadway, Bet. 18th and 19th Sts.

PANIC IN A STREET CAR.

Motorman and Conductor Up to Their Business, and No One Is Hurt.

Trolley car 974 of the Kearny line burst into flame on Broad street, Newark, near the corner of Market street, shortly after noon yesterday, and continued on its way down the busy thoroughfare a mass of flame and smoke, for over two blocks, while a dozen men and women passengers were in a panic inside of it.

The fire was caused by the blowing out of a fuse and the consequent short circuiting. The motorman, Jeremiah O'Reilly, was thrown back from his post at the levers against the front door. He tried again and again to get at the controller box to shut off the power, but the flames played around it fiercely and burned a hole in the motor order business. The swindler would remove all the writing and fill out the blank with new names and for sums ranging from \$50 to \$500.

The next move was to make a purchase in some store, presenting the money order in payment and receiving the balance in change. The proprietor of the store would then be presented his money order at the post office that it was good for only a trifle.

Inspector Boyle said yesterday he had strong proof that Guggenheimer was the operator of the scheme. He said that he had probably swindled storekeepers in different parts of the country out of \$50,000 to \$100,000, and that he once cleared in a day \$450. The inspector has in his possession money orders issued from the Chicago post office and from the post office in this city. Although the names on them differ, the handwriting is uniformly the same. Boyle said also that he was in possession of a large quantity of clothing which Guggenheimer had purchased recently, and that some of the storekeepers who had been swindled would be invited to come and identify their property.

Guggenheimer refused to say anything about himself yesterday. The inspectors said that he had served a term in Joliet prison for the same offense. He is only 29 years old and is a good looking chap. The inspectors think he has associates working with him, and they are looking for a woman in particular.

The inspectors got Guggenheimer by accident Monday night. They had been after him for weeks on advice from Chicago that he was in this vicinity. Inspector Boyle met him on the street and recognized him instantly from photographs. He did not deny his identity.

He will have a hearing before Commissioner Shields to-day.

FRESH BLUEFISH DUE SOON.

Schooners Out for the Fishing Grounds to Harvest the Fish Storage Supply.

Fulton Market has been busy for two weeks preparing for the bluefishing season, which is expected to begin next week or the week after. Three or four fishing schooners, each loaded with a month's provisions and tons of ice, have been leaving Fulton slip every day for a week bound for the bluefishing grounds off Virginia. Yesterday morning the two masted schooners, Little S. Morton and Daisy departed.

Besides a crew of about twenty-four men, each schooner carried provisions for six weeks and about twenty tons of ice each. They also had aboard for bait enough frozen moss bunnies for two weeks fishing.

There are few fresh bluefish in the local market at present. These come from Florida and as they are scarce are correspondingly dear. Most of the bluefish on the market now have been in cold storage since last year. There is keen rivalry between the vessels as to which shall bring into the local market the first cargo of fresh bluefish.

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## B. Altman &amp; Co.

PARASOLS. Imported novelties in Parasol Handles

of Carved Ivory, Tortoise Shell, Cloisonne and Rock

Crystal are offered, together with facilities for the mak-

ing to order of Parasols to match costumes; and also

selected styles in Parasols for Coaching and Promenade,

among which are Lingerie Parasols and designs in